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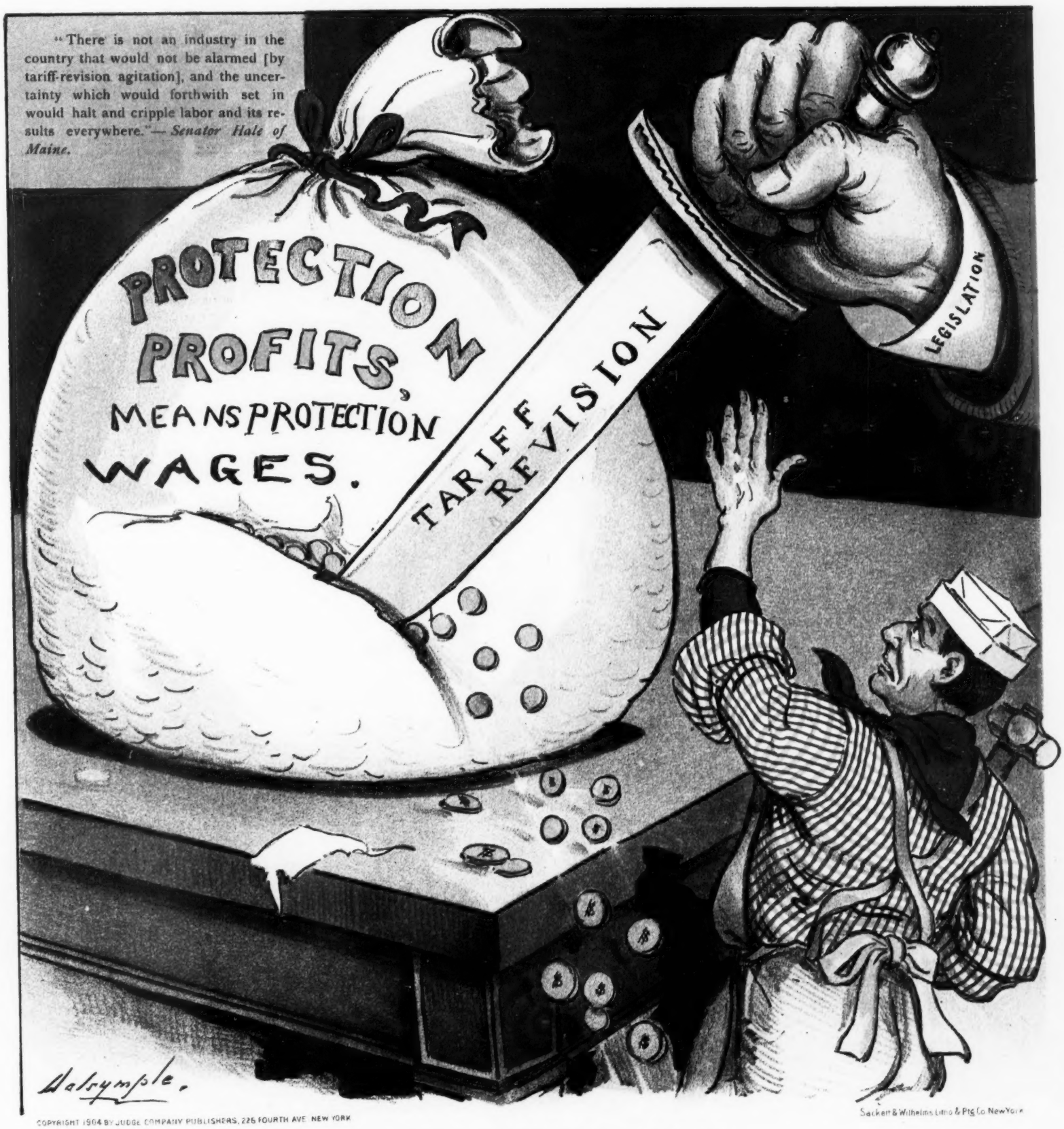

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"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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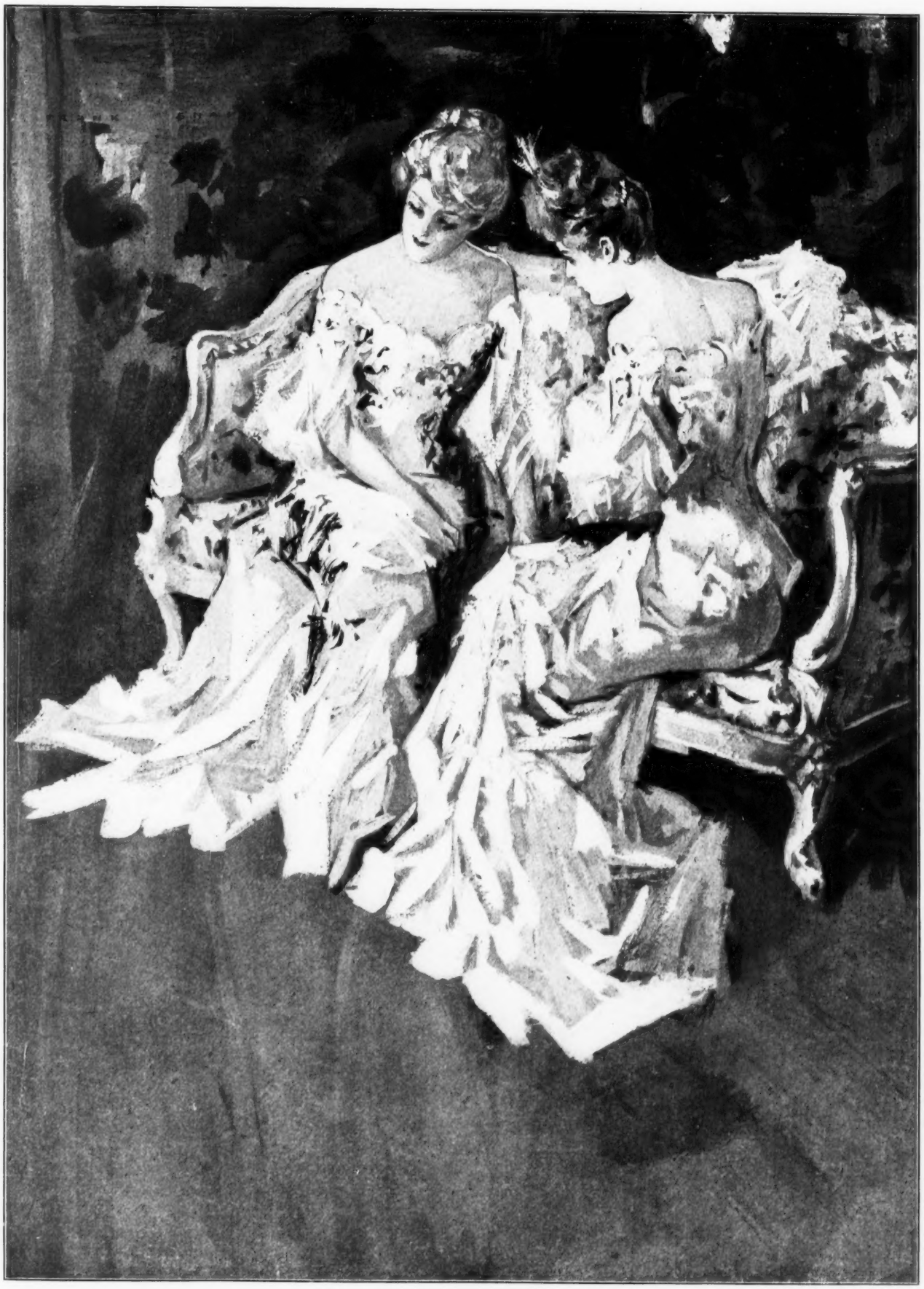
THE PLUM-PUDDING of protection profits is easily and by far the most popular of all the puddings of this strenuous and lively age. The ordinary political pudding is one whose proof is more in the pocketing than in the eating; but the pudding of protection profits is an entirely different kind of a proposition, inasmuch as it is never a source of nightmare or indigestion, or a cause of fiscal apoplexy. It is a pudding that makes every one, including the horny-handed son of toil, fat without in any way impairing his friskiness or ability to fantastically saraband and curvet on the high wire of the gilt-edged prosperity which is and will be his so long as this precious pudding shall remain solid and intact. It is therefore to be trusted that the hand of legislation may not insist upon performing a surgical operation on this pudding-bag, which is interpreted to mean high wages, with the knife of tariff revision. The workingman, who knows what he is busily thinking about, and that of which money discourses, looks unfavorably upon the momentous question of tariff revision. When he dreams of it he leaps out of his sleep in a cold sweat, and wonders if his visions are based upon fact or Welsh rarebit. He does not hanker after tariff revision, which is but another title for the act of tinkering with his well-being. He does not want any agitation on the subject which so deeply concerns him. The money he acquires by upper-cutting the anvil and jabbing the cobble-stone is the money that talks to him in a most simple, direct and convincing manner, and this talk soothes his fondest industrial dreams until he is compelled to conclude that the hand which would wantonly thrust the knife of tariff revision into the gold-plummed pudding of high wages is not the hand which rocks to any great extent the cradle of industrial liberty, which is all the world to him.

STRENUOSITY is a word whose meaning is too well known to require any explanation. It is a strong, sinewy word, with a get-up-and-dust soul, and it makes the "hustle" of the nineteenth and the "romage" of the sixteenth century like sugar-coated syllables taken at random from the small but very select vocabulary of babyhood. Strenuosity stands for the acme of excellence wedded to swiftness in all up-to-date methods of doing the kind of business which lands the transactor of the same safe and sound on his ribs and face on the home-plate of victory—if we may be permitted to use a baseball simile at a time when the snowflakes are whirling about us and incidentally hanging their wreaths of honiton and hamburg edging on the casual gooseberry-bush. Strenuosity is a word that ripples and undulates and rattles and bobs along in an endless variety of fantastic sinuosities. It has character and color, and seems to throb with the moonlight spirit of the night-wind's crisp adagio. It is a pearl of the sea-swell's phrasing and a scrap of melody that charms and holds captive the chaste spirit which feels in it a well-defined meaning entirely alien to its roots of derivation. It whistles like a wet shirt in a tornado; it grins like a fierce gargoyle on a cathedral; it whines like a wolf on a snow-drift; it warbles like a dove, bobs like a barn-door, gurgles like a symphony in A minor, and smiles upon us with the aureated splendor of the poached egg which throbs like a beacon on the apex of the wind-swept pyramid of hash that brings princes and plumbers alike to a common democratic level. It is a great and a popular word, without which the bright lexicon of youth is quite incomplete, for in the eyes of the man of ordinary intelligence it combines at once and in a most charming manner the caviare of quality with the weird, mysterious sausage of popularity.

A LIMITED MONARCHY.

MIKE—"Did Schwarendinger iver live under a monarchical form av governmint?"
PAT—"Not since his mother-in-law died."



TOO MUCH SO.

"Is she sentimental?"
"Very! She will even weep over her old divorce-papers."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

DELIA DONALD.

You make the time serenely slip when you to trill begin,
For then with golden joy we swell and all our fancies spin.
When on the scene you lightly pop we murmur, you can bet,
You are the lucky star whose star was never made to set.

THAT WOULD HELP.

THE infant began crying as soon as the visitor arrived, and continued to wail for some time. At last its mamma said,

"Please don't mind the baby."

"If you would mind it," suggested the guest, "maybe I wouldn't mind it."

"THE DRUMMER."

A DRUMMER, while drumming for drums,
Met a drummer a-drumming a drum.
Said the drummer for drums, "I'd rather drum drums
Than drum on the drums that I drum."

HARD WEAR.

"I SHOULD like to look at a stove-pipe hat," said the man who was guided by his wife in his shopping-tour.

"He thinks," explained the wife to the salesman, "that he will look grate in a stove-pipe hat."

"We have quite a range of styles in them," said the salesman as he flue to open the boxes.

"This one doesn't soot him at all, do you think?" asked the wife when the man had tried on the first.

"I think it is a nice lid," slangily declared the clerk.

"I suppose the high price is because of the skillet takes to make the hat," ventured the husband.

"Yes," answered the salesman; "and then, you see, this hat is not oven ordinary shape."

"I'll take it," announced the husband, "if you'll cash a draft for me."

"The boss wood-fire me if I did," replied the clerk.

"Then that puts a damper on the whole scheme," asserted the wife, taking her husband by the arm and leading him away.

REPARTEE.

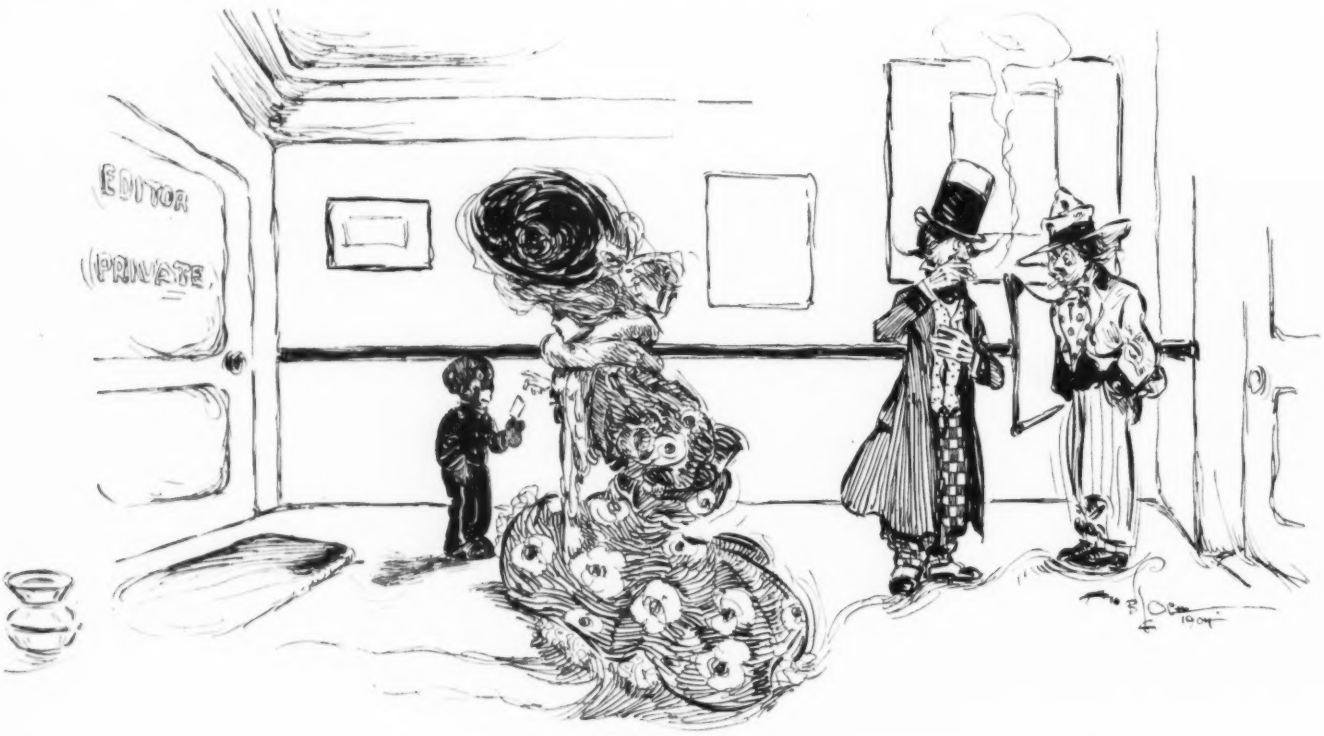
MR. NEWLYWED—"By the way, dearest, did I ever tell you about that beautiful heiress who once wanted me for a husband?"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"No, dear; you have never told me a lie yet that I know of."

IN THE BLOOD.

Mrs. Maguire—"'Tis Mary Ann O'Reilly thot's th' foine pianny-player intoirely!"

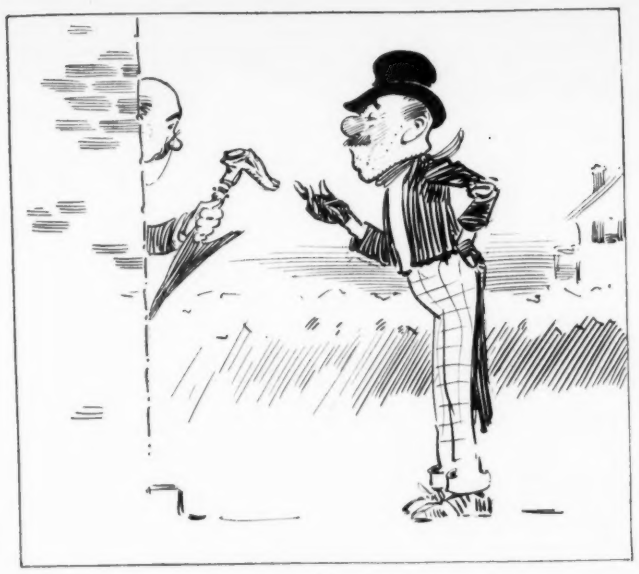
Mrs. Clancy—"Shure, an' no wondher! Isn't her Uncle Barney a pianny-mover?"



IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

THE POET—"Really charming fellow, the editor, don't you think?"

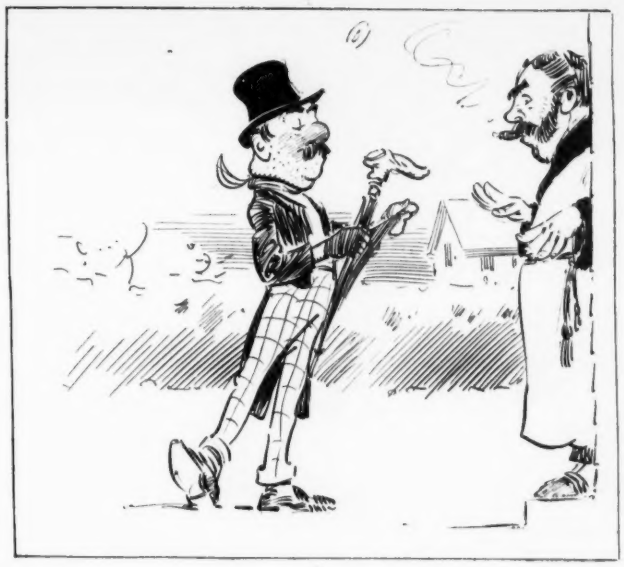
THE ARTIST—"Oh, delightful! Why, it's a positive pleasure to be turned down by him."



1.

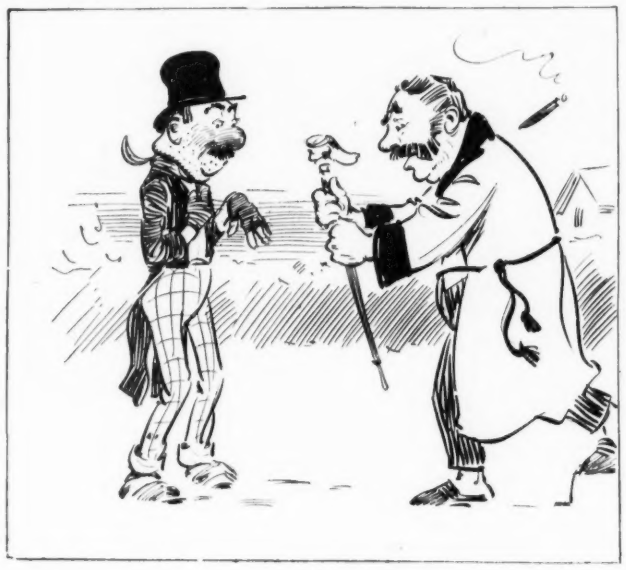
MR. TAKER—"You say you mend umbrellas, my man? Well, here is one you can fix for me. One of the ribs is bent, that's all. But where are your tools?"

NERVY NAT—"My good sir, you surely don't expect an umbrella-mender of any standing to work in the street? You pain me. I shall take it to my shop, of course."



2.

NERVY NAT—"Er—would you kindly buy this umbrella from me, sir? It is a handsome article, and I don't like to part with it, because it was—er—given to me. But I must have money to get to New York. I have been unlucky—stranded here, in fact. I am willing to let you have it for a dollar-fifty—a dollar-forty-nine—cash."



3.

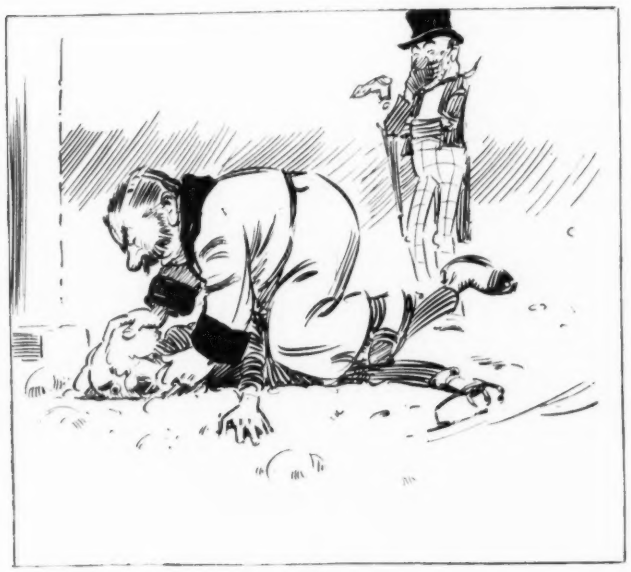
MR. LOSER—"You rascal! where did you get this? This is *my* umbrella, that was swiped at a restaurant three months ago. There are my initials. Tell me where you got it and you sha'n't lose by it."

NERVY NAT—"Well, since you put it that way, I suppose I'll have to humor you. I got it from the gentleman next door to you."

4.

MR. LOSER—"Gentleman? Oh, yes; he's a gentleman! Come along and watch me sail into him. That umbrella was a pet of mine, and that sneak Taker had it all this time! Revenge!"

NERVY NAT—"Your sentiments quite become you, sir. I may say now that I knew it was your umbrella all the time and I was returning it to you."



5.

TAKER—"Ouch! Let me up! You're squashing me! Help!"

LOSER—"Yes, you common sneak-thief! I'll let you up after I've polished that very ugly mug of yours with a little of this snow. Take my umbrella, will you?"

NERVY NAT—"Gee! this is great. Taker will have a complexion like Madame Recamier when Loser gets through massaging him."

6.

LOSER—"Next time he sees an umbrella that doesn't belong to him he'll cross over to the other side of the street—eh, what? Now, come back to my house and have dinner with me, old chap!"

NERVY NAT—"You certainly are fine and dandy as a face-polisher! That little matinee was worth at least two dollars to you, wasn't it?"

NO. 57.—NERVY NAT AND THE UMBRELLA.

HOW TO BUILD A BUG-HOUSE FOR THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY-SEVEN CENTS.

(From Country Life in a Wicked City.)

THE following directions, if closely carried out, will place a nice, cozy bug-house within the reach of all.

If you possess grounds for divorce, or even grounds for separation, you have an ideal site. If you have neither your cook will gladly supply you with coffee-grounds.

For thirty cents you should be able to purchase a salt-cellar. After carefully removing all the salt place the cellar in the centre of your grounds.

While at school the reader undoubtedly obtained a fair foundation in reading, writing and arithmetic. Lay this foundation on your cellar.

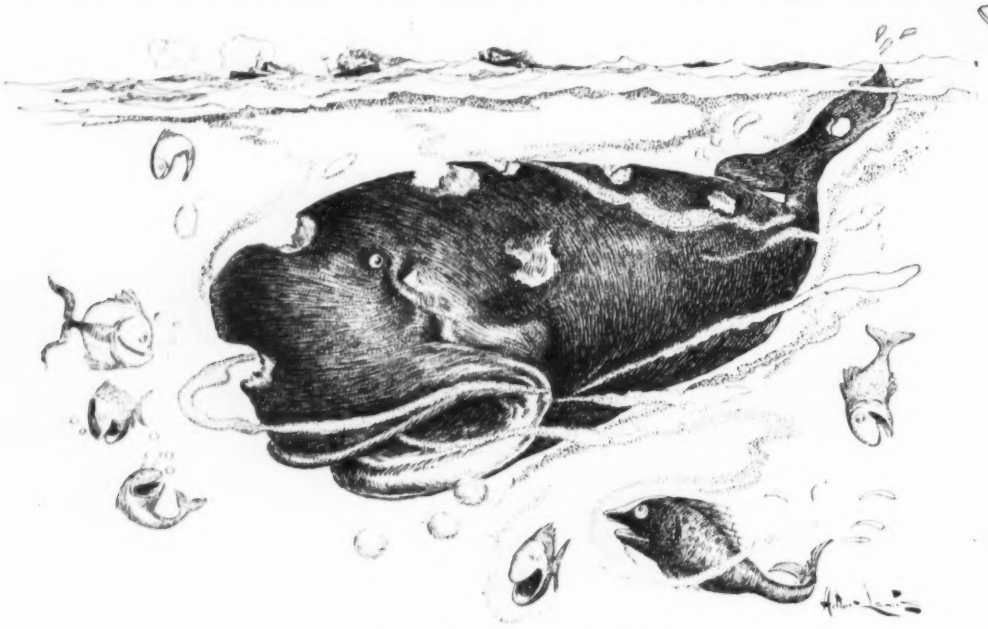
Extract the walls from a pound of large English walnuts, being very careful not to crack them. In these cut as many doors and windows as you desire and set upon the foundation.

Any old lady with rheumatism will cheerfully give you more than enough pains to fill your windows.

Instead of walking to business mornings take the subway until you have saved enough steps to make the stairs for your house.

A system of electric bells is expensive and gets out of order easily. Bluebells are yours for the picking, and make a pleasing effect if you use flower-beds in the sleeping-chambers.

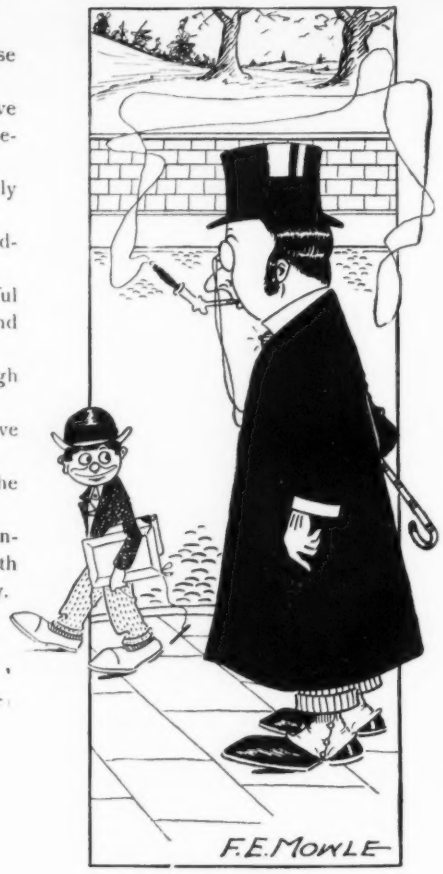
As to furniture, there are many millionaires who would be only too glad to endow seats of learning for you with all the chairs of belles-lettres, applied science, romance languages, etc., that go with them. From the same source you can obtain multiplication-tables for your dining-room and library.



ANOTHER RUSSIAN BLUNDER.

MR. SNAPPER—"What's the matter, Mr. Whale?"

MR. WHALE—"Matter? Why, I just went to the surface to blow myself, and a fleet of Russian cruisers took me for a Jap submarine boat and made me look like a Swiss cheese—that's what's the matter."



SLIGHTLY MIXED.

GENTLEMAN—"Well, my young man, can you tell me what great act made Monroe famous?"

SCHOOLBOY—"Sure! His foist fight wid Jeffries."

The kitchen fittings are more of a problem. The most economical plan is to buy a second-hand rifle-range from some cheap shooting-gallery. On this, if you are careful to hold your gun-muzzle toward you, you will have little difficulty in cooking your own goose, settling your hash, etc.

Nothing now remains but to stretch the roof of a nice, large mouth on moonbeams over the top of your house. In order to guard against leaks it is well to knock the tar out of some dear friend and fill in all the chinks and crevices with it.

A few axle-trees or whiffle-trees afford delightful shade, and a bed of steam-plants adds greatly to the beauty of a lawn. Steam-plants, however, are rather costly and require the constant care of a competent engineer.

At a liberal estimate the cost of the various items in this attractive little bug-house should not exceed the following: Salt-cellar, thirty cents; walnuts, twenty-seven cents; rifle-range, three dollars; total (exclusive of steam-plants), three dollars and fifty-seven cents.

ROBERT RUDD WHITING.

"DOES Rapidboy live within his income?"

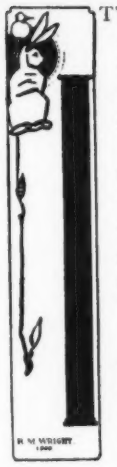
"Yes; within a few thousands of it."

A HOPEFUL STILL.

AUNT PEGGY (*apropos of the son's letter from college*)—"I'm afraid our son is goin' ter turn out a reformer instid of a business man. He sez here thet he'd like ter tear up evil by the roots."

UNCLE JABEZ (*sententiously*)—"Don't yew worry, wife. They are probably teachin' him thet money is the root of all evil."

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

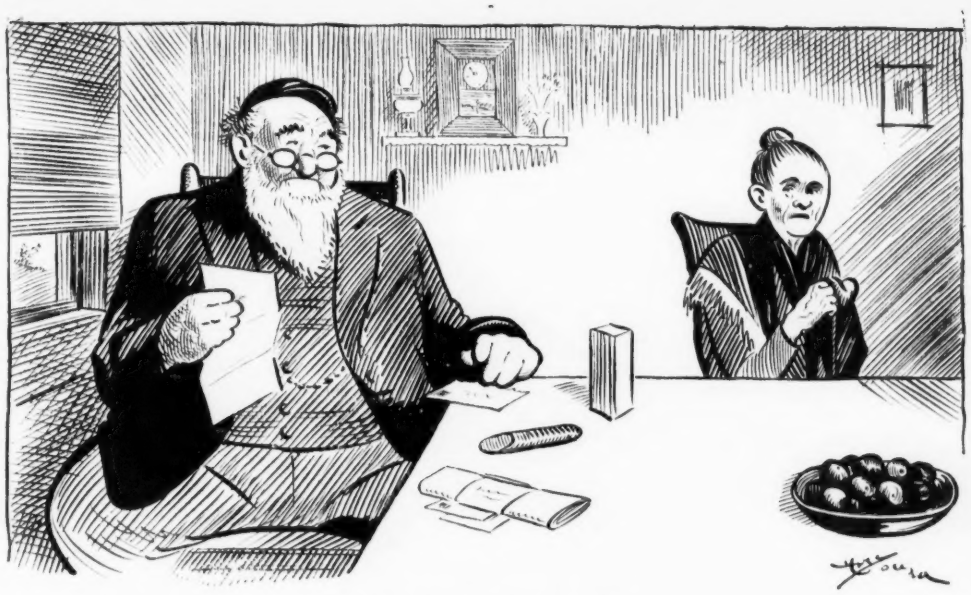


IT'S precious little time a man has to learn how to bow with grace when there are eight mouths to fill at home an' the doctor's bill to pay.

"At first," says my wife to me, "she thought that he was a demi-god." "An' wasn't he?" I asks. "No," says my wife; "she found out later that he was a demi-john."

I knew a sick man who'd been cured an' then committed suicide because there wasn't anythin' of interest for him to read—patent medicine advertisements havin' lost their charm.

I knew a man who cherished the recollection of his jiltin's as his sweetest an' most precious memories. "Well," says he when I expressed surprise about it, "don't you recall with pride an' happiness your own escapes from shipwreck?"



HENRY GETTING ECONOMICAL.

"Mother, Henry writes thet he has ter have money right away fer to git an autymobile."
"Land sakes! what does he mean by sech extravagance?"
"Extravagance? Looks ter me like it's the fust time he ever hed enny idee 'bout economy. He says he lives so fer from the college he wants it ter save car-fare."

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

INVENTOR (*of submarine boat*) "It's no use, Mr. Murphy. I've been absolutely unable to get a crew for love or money to make a trial-trip in the boat."
MR. MURPHY—"Lave it to me fer a couple av days. A little paint 'll fix thot."

somewhere where you will be alone an' thank God for your own superiority. I know lots of folks that does that way—only most of 'em don't always make quite certain of their solitude beforehand.

My wife an' I was driftin' in an open boat, havin' been shipwrecked an' bein' the sole survivors of the episode. We hadn't seen a sail for fourteen days, an' I was marvelin' at her fortitude an' cheerfulness. But suddenly she broke out cryin', an' when I asked her what the matter was said she wept because there wa'n't no padlock on the little cupboard in the stern, where we had stowed what valuables we'd saved. She was dead afraid that some one 'd steal 'em. EDWARD MARSHALL.

NEVER put off till to-morrow the people you can do to-day.

"There's one trouble with your justice," says the pris'ner to the judge. "I git it in the neck for yieldin' to this one temptation, but I ain't seen no large rewards a-comin' for the ten thousand times ten thousand that I've earnestly resisted."

Storms don't always do so much damage as the safeguards we take against 'em. There was once a man fled to a cyclone-cellar when he saw a cloud rise in the west. The cloud was nothin' in the world but smoke from Si Brown's burnin' pig-sty, but the cyclone-cellar caved in an' killed the man.

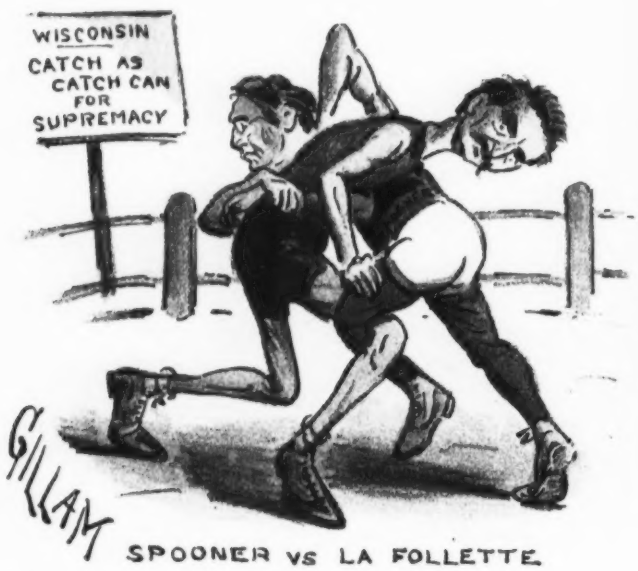
What's the use of tellin' a man he ought to have more sense? He would if he could. The best way 's jest to go

CHORUS—"Gimme a job on dat boat, boss!" "Ah wants ter go down on her!" "Lemme go, mistah! Ah'll wuk fo' nuffin'!"

BANKOED.

RUBBER.

THE LION AND THE LAMB.



SPOONER vs LA FOLLETTE

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ROOSEVELT, "TAG, YOU'R

STRENUOSITY

OU'R T."

Y ALL THE RAGE.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co New York

INDEED, NO!

"WHAT! you refuse me?"

His face betraying his intense astonishment and chagrin, the young man who faced the beautiful girl who had just blasted all his hopes staggered back in an excess of emotion; then he drew himself up haughtily.

"It is, of course, your privilege," he said; "but do you realize what I have done for you? Six months ago, when we first became acquainted, I began to spend money. Look at the carriages we have had, the flowers I have sent, the elaborate suppers I have given you! Perhaps it is wrong to speak of these things, but did you not permit me to do all this? Indeed, did you not encourage me in my lavishness? How comes it now, in view of these facts, that you reject me? Was I not right in hoping for victory?"

She shook her head.

"Certainly not," she replied. "I did the right thing. Why, my dear boy, if I had had the slightest idea of marrying you, do you suppose I would have permitted you to spend all that money?"

A JUSTIFIABLE EXODUS.

"You don'd mean to toldt me dot Levy, whose shtore vas set on fire py lightening, became so superstitious dot he moved?"

"Ach, sure! Somepody toldt him dot lightening nefer shtruck twice in der same blace."

NEEDED FAITH.

Madge—"Does she believe in the faith-cure?"

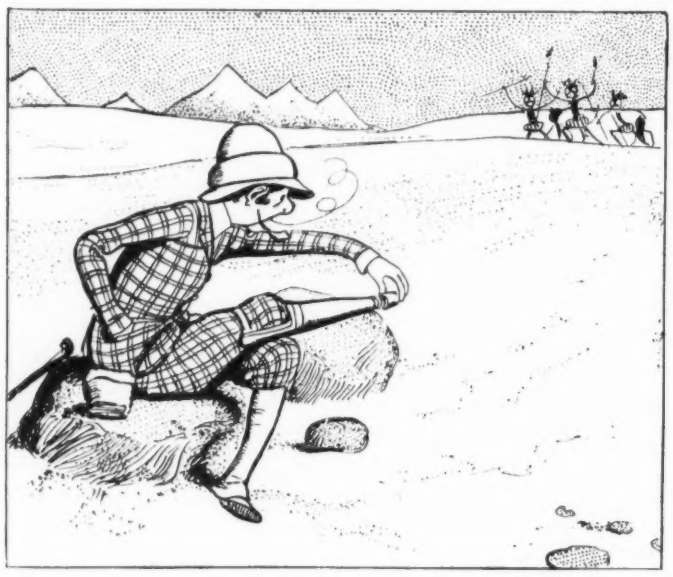
Marjorie—"Well, she is using a lot of preparations to make her face beautiful."

Mrs. Good (shocked)—"Mrs. Talkalot just told me something that I know was manufactured out of whole cloth."

Mrs. Chatterton (eagerly)—"Well, let's have it, quick! All of the gossip in this neighborhood is about worn threadbare."

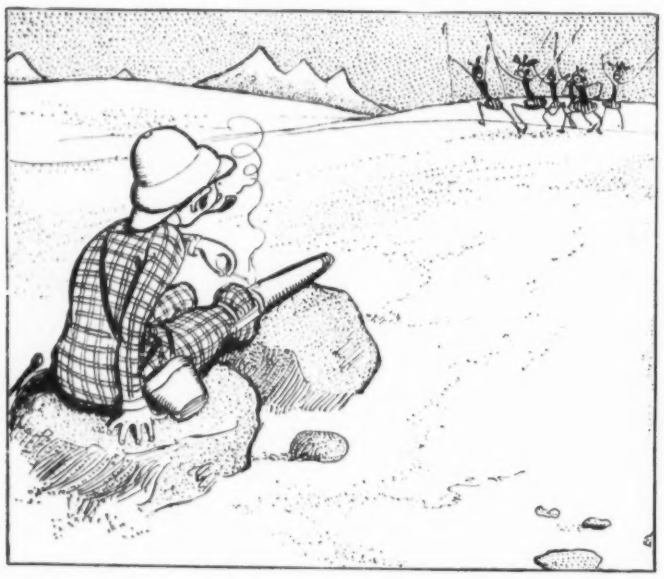
1.

"Goin' ter circumvent a lone, defenseless crippie, air ye, ye ebony heathens?——



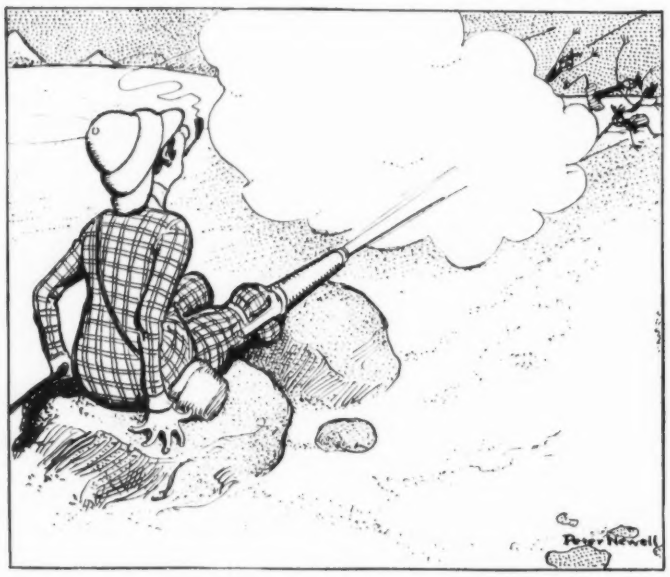
2.

——I'll jes' unscrew this cap——



3.

——an' if this match don't miss fire——



4.

——I'll just bang 'em!"

AND HE DID IT.

Mrs. Benham—"The paper says that a man has left fifty thousand dollars to establish a school of cookery."

Benham—"How true it is that the evil that men do lives after them."—*New York Herald.*

Ask for Abbott's Angostura Bitters when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's, the best for all seasons.

"Do you enjoy your wife's teas and receptions?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "to be candid, I do not. I can't help harboring a suspicion that if I didn't happen to be her husband Mrs. Cumrox wouldn't consider me of sufficient social consequence to be invited."—*Washington Star.*

Old friend—"Is your part very difficult to play?"

Barnstormer—"Well, rather. I'm living on one meal a day and playing the rôle of a man with the gout."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sohmer Pianos are recommended to the public for their power, purity, richness and quality of tone, and are considered the most durable and reliable pianos ever made.

Senior partner—"Didn't you hear that new office-boy call you 'Jones' this morning?"

Junior partner—"Yes; but he's only been here a week. Give him time. He won't begin to call me 'Bill' until next week."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"I have a new job now," said the woman who presided over the "How To Keep Cool" column during the summer.

"What is it?"

"The editor has put me in charge of the 'How To Keep from Catching Cold' department."—*Boston Journal.*

"You may become bald, but baldness will not become you."

Systematic Shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

NO OTHER CHAMPAGNE SO UNIVERSALLY HANDLED AS

COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

"How long have you had your new girl?"

"Which one? I've had four in the last week."

"Mercy! I mean the new one you had ten days ago."

"I've had seven since then."

"I think her name was Mary."

"I've had five Marys."

"Goodness! This one had freckles and a turn-up nose."

"Three of them had the same."

"I give it up."

"I've given them all up."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Just one kiss before I go," he pleaded.

"And will you be satisfied with one?" she asked.

"I should say not," he replied.

"Then get busy," she said.—*Chicago News.*

"My sakes! How well your husband is trained. How did you ever do it?"

"I didn't. He was a widower when I got him. It saves a lot of trouble."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The all-night and all-day bank touches a need of this all-day and all-night town, this sleepless, indefatigable and ever-busy Babylon and Bagdad of the west.—*New York Sun.*

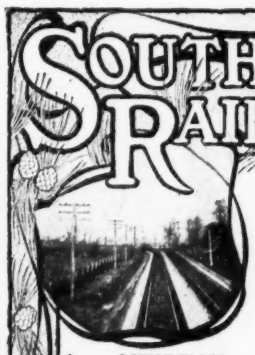
WHILE appealing primarily to those who can judge ale on its merits—yet the most casual ale drinker can grasp and enjoy the excellence of

Evans' Ale

"I hear that you went into politics during the campaign."

"You have been misinformed, sir. I merely ran for office on the Democratic ticket in Pennsylvania."—*Cleveland Leader.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY



TO THE CITIES AND RESORTS OF THE SOUTH

DOUBLE TRACK.

FLORIDA, CUBA, NASSAU, MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

January 9th, 1905. Inauguration SOUTHERN'S PALM LIMITED. Daily except Sunday, New York and St. Augustine. Two other fast trains daily.

New York Office, 271 and 1185 Broadway. ALEX. S. THWEATT, Eastern Passenger Agt. Washington, D. C. S. H. HARDWICK, P. T. M. W. H. TAYLOE, G. P. A.

"Great rejoicing up at the college."

"What's the cause?"

"They've found a new man to play centre on next season's football team."

"What's his name?"

"I dunno. But he's four feet wide, weighs two hundred and ninety-six pounds, and is familiarly known as 'the human caboose.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The cottage colony surrounding the beautiful Hotel Bon Air, Augusta, Georgia, makes social life at this popular resort a highly enjoyable feature of the winter sojourn. C. G. Trussell, Manager.

"Are they first-class instruments?"

"You don't have to take my word for that," replied the dealer; "these phonographs speak for themselves."—*Houston Post.*

"Any race problem in yo' settlement?"

"Oh, yes—de 'possum still keeps two mile ahead er me!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CLUB COCKTAILS are always of uniform excellence. The choicest liquors are used in exquisite proportions—blended and aged to a flavor.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors

Hartford New York London

The sufferer—"Wow! I'm going to a dentist and have this tooth out."

Christian scientist—"Your tooth does not ache. You only imagine it does."

The sufferer—"Then I'll have the dentist extract my imagination."—*Chicago News.*

De Style—"Who is that fellow saying they don't go around fast enough to suit him?"

Gunbusta—"He's a gas-meter inspector."—*New York Sun.*

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and see that you get

OLD CROW RYE

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THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

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THE PRUDENTIAL

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The Protection of Family and Business interests and a practical method of saving—Begin Now—Write for particulars of a policy adapted to your needs.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

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Sharp Contrast

Whiskey without quality, age or flavor disappoints the taste like eggs without salt. Rare, old

Hunter Whiskey

Mellow, Rich, Delicious

regales the palate and leaves no fault to find.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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FOR 70 YEARS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF

(Relieves at Once and Cures Absolutely)

One quarter actual size.

It should be used by all sufferers of Catarrh, Cold in-the-head, Ringing in the Ears or Deafness (due to Catarrh.) It gives instant relief,—cleans the head at once by reaching the inflamed parts. Contains no cocaine, morphine, or other dangerous drugs.

25 cents *per bottle at all druggists, or by mail prepaid.*

A complete treatise on Catarrh, free by mail. Write for Book C.I.

F. C. KEITH, Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

70 YEARS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son?"

"What's the difference between a public servant and any other kind?"

"Why, the public servant tries to hold his job longer than the other kind, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE PIONEER OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM—and to-day the exponent of illustrated newspaperdom in America.

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MOST PROGRESSIVE
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All the more important events of the world are promptly depicted in its pages. Accurate War News from the far East from our own Correspondent.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT
JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS
BOOKS AND AUTHORS
AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST

Cholly—"Do you think that Miss Oldmayde is really very anxious to get married?"

Polly—"Well, I think that before a man proposes to her he had better be mighty certain that he loves her."—*Somerville Journal.*

She—"I should imagine automobiling must be the poetry of motion."

He—"So it is—until the machine breaks down. Then it suddenly becomes 'blank verse'!"—*New York Times.*

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's Angostura Bitters, the best-known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

Rejected lover (in despair)—"Then I propose to drown myself!"

Loved one (pale, but haughty)—"You should say *purpose*, not 'propose.'"—*Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary.*

"But, George," protested the coy girl, struggling feebly, "kissing, you know, is unhealthy. The doctors say it must go."

"Well, here goes!" he replied promptly—and it went.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Prison chaplain—"Remember, my good man, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow."

The Brixton bantam—"You are—I ain't."—*London Tatler.*

She—"I wonder why the baby doesn't begin to talk, John?"

He—"Why, I guess because you don't give him a chance, dear."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The awe-struck listener at "Parsifal" had just survived a particularly violent orchestral scrimmage.

"To think," he murmured, "that the same man wrote 'The Simple Life'!"—*New York Sun.*

"Are you going to marry sister, Mr. Frazzle?"

"I—I don't know, Johnnie."

"That's just what sister said when mother asked her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ALDERMAN COOGAN (*disgustedly*)—"The felly thot towld me this wor th' grane-room is a loier. Faix, there ain't a grane thing in th' blame theayter."

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?

IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of $1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

One Hundred Up-to-date House Plans

The title of this book is

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A new up-to-date book, containing **over one hundred plans,** all new (1902), of houses ranging in cost from $500 to $20,000; also plans of Public Library Buildings, Summer Hotels, Stables, Public Halls, etc., etc.

This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home sites, members of building associations, land companies, real estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

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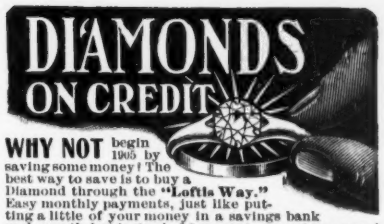
SENTIMENTAL NIECE—"Children make such sweet music in the home."
CRUSTY BACHELOR UNCLE—"Yes—until they get old enough to take music lessons."



WHY NOT begin 1905 by saving some money? The best way to save is to buy a Diamond through the **"Loftis Way."** Easy monthly payments, just like putting a little of your money in a savings bank each month, but instead of 3 per cent, you get an annual increase in value amounting to 20 per cent.

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FATHER—"Tell me, q'vick, if yer 'ad a t'ousand dollars, vot vould yer do vith it?"

LITTLE SOLLY—"Insure it for two t'ousand, father."

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

THE PEERLESS SEASONING.

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No other "just as good." JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, NEW YORK.

Contents of LESLIE'S WEEKLY January 12, 1905

"The Germans in New York and How They Celebrate the Metzelsuppe," by Harriet Quimby; an interesting article (with a page of photographs) describing the celebration at Hoboken, New Jersey, of a famous festival of the Fatherland.

"How the American Woman Defends Herself," by H. Irving Hancock; a readable statement, with abundant illustrations, of the merits of jiu-jitsu, the Japanese system of self-defense, now a fad among society women of America.

"Wonderful Evolution of the Railway," by Charles M. Harvey; a review of the progress made in transportation facilities in this country.

"Jasper's Hints to Money-makers," giving extremely valuable information and advice to those who seek to make money in Wall Street.

"Notable Success of the Young Actor, Mr. David Warfield," by Eleanor Franklin; a sparkling account of the career of one of the leading favorites of the stage.

"Long Bill's Romance," by Lowell Otus Reese; a love tale with a humorous ending, told in the picturesque language of a western miner.

Illustrations:

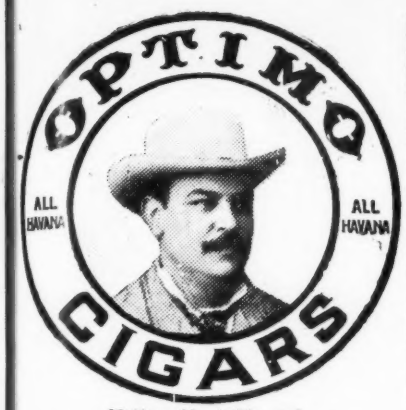
"Just Before Port Arthur Surrendered;" a striking photograph on the front.

"Marvelous Valor and Dash of the Japanese Troops;" a page of impressive pictures of the Far-East War.

"Prayer Opens the Sittings of the House of Commons;" a page drawing by A. Castaigne.

"Opening the Senate of the United States with Prayer;" a drawing from life by T. Dart Walker.

Pictorial attractions on the Amateur Contest and Dramatic pages.



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Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

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WHISKEY
AWARDED
GRAND PRIZE St. Louis, 1904.

"Who is that man walking up and down the corridor, with frowning brow and shoulders weighted with the heavy burden of legislation? Some distinguished statesman, no doubt."

"That, my dear sir, is the assistant secretary and stenographic clerk of the new congressman from Alabama." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

Wife—"Henry, what makes you in such a furious temper?"

Husband—"I'm trying to read a Scotch dialect story. The plot is fearfully exciting, but I can't hurdle over the language fast enough to keep up with the hero!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cholly Flatbroke—"I cannot live without you."

Dolly Nothingbut—"Oh, yes, you could, if you'd go to work."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Tommy Figgjam—"Paw, what is a millyunair?"

Figgjam—"A man who, under protest, pays tax on fifty thousand dollars."—*Baltimore American.*

QUITE EVIDENT.

'RASTUS—"Ah suttinly did enjoy mahse'f at de ball las' night! Ah nevah hed sech a 'bang-up' time in all mah life!"

HONEST GOODS IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS HONEST PRICES

Are You Prepared for Emergencies?

Can you retire to-night with the calm assurance that you are fully prepared to defend your life and the lives of those depending upon your protection (not to mention your property) against the possible visit of a murderous marauder, or are you taking chances? Before the IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver was invented, there was but one good argument against keeping a revolver in the house—the fear of accidental discharge.

That reason no longer exists

IVER JOHNSON
REVOLVERS

cannot possibly go off by accident—safe for everyone but the burglar. The safety mechanism is a **safety lever** operated **only** by the trigger. The firing pin (which discharges the cartridge) is entirely separated from the hammer and is never touched by it—this is where the action of the safety lever comes in; when the trigger is pulled it raises the lever between the hammer and firing pin, receives the blow of the hammer and transmits it to the firing pin, which in turn strikes the cartridge cap—discharge follows. That's why you can

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Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Hammerless $6.00 Blued Finish 50c. extra

Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Hammer $5.00 Extra Length Bbls. 50c. per inch

NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers St.

She—"There are microbes in kisses, you know."

He—"Can you blame 'em?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

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Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out." *My Lady Nicotine.*

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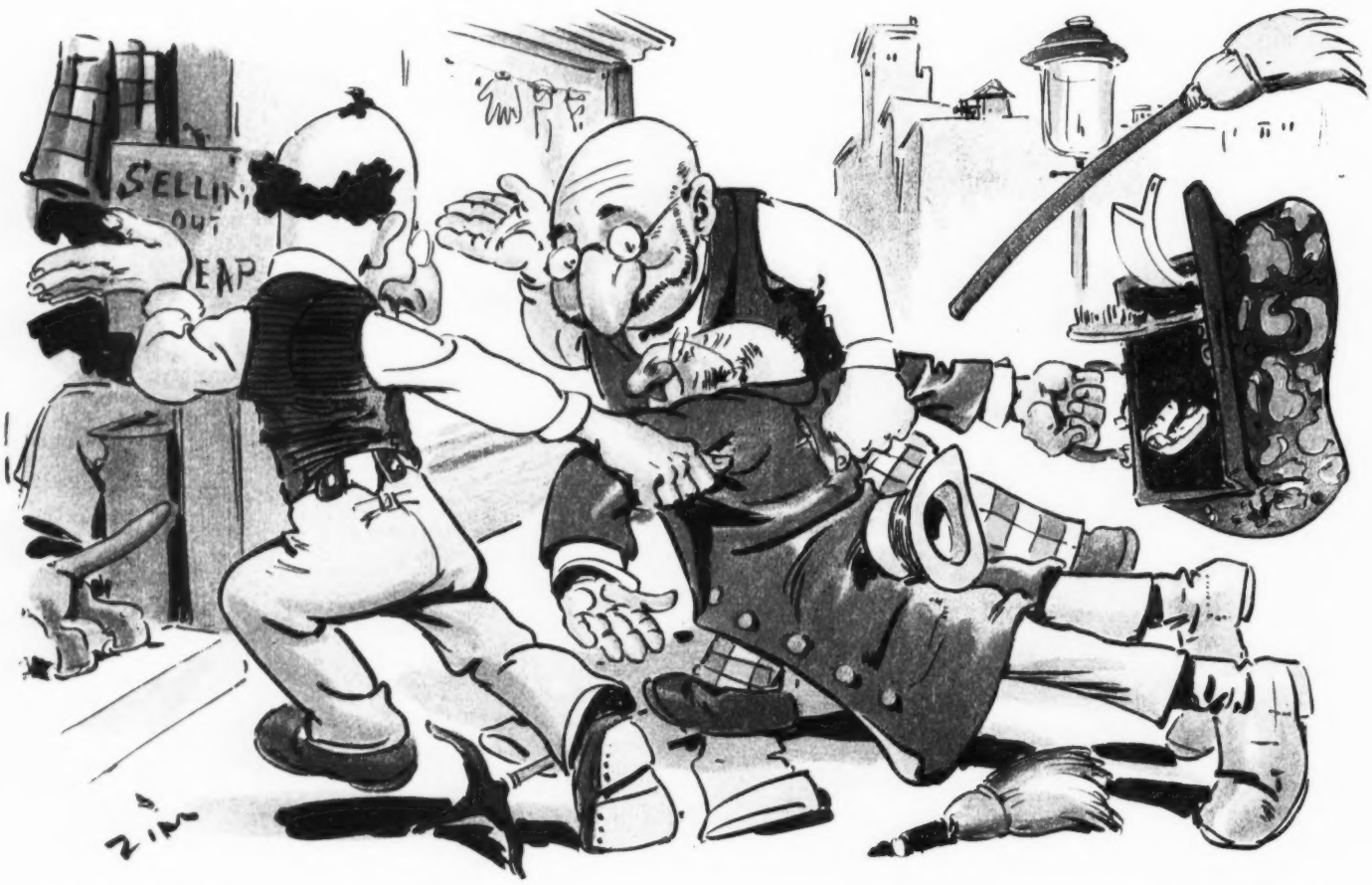
REUBEN *(angrily)*—"I'll trouble you to let me *by!*"



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COHN BROTHERS—"Let you buy? Certainly! Come right in! No trouble to show goots."

THEY LET HIM "BUY."